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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 579
EDITORIALS:
Al Smith, Statesman 581
War Debts and Taxpayers 582
A Warning to Doctors 583
Lunacharsky on Art 583
THE FUTURE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY:
Open Letter to Norman Thomas. By Gabriel Heatter 584
Norman Thomas Replies. By Norman Thomas 584
HOW TO BUDGET DOCTORS' BILLS. By Evans Clark 586
COLONEL HOUSE'S SELF-DEFENSE. By C. Hartley Grattan 588
DESERT PICTURE. By Kenneth Slade Alling 589
AN UNACADEMIC ACADEMY. By Ernest Boyd 590
DISSENTING OPINION. NUDES AND THE LAW. By Morris L. Ernst 591
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 591
CORRESPONDENCE 592
BOOKS, DRAMA, ARCHITECTURE:
Boy Sowing. By Frances Frost 593
Technique Is Not Enough. By William Troy 593
Swinburne and the Moderns. By Lionel Trilling 594
Mr. Hillyer Tries Fiction. By Ray C. B. Brown 594
Anglo-Saxon Conscience. By Arthur Garfield Hays 595
Shorter Notices 595
Drama: Passion in Evening Dress. By Joseph Wood Krutch 596
Architecture: News from the Field. By Douglas Haskell 598
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 598

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SENATOR HULL has the distinction of being one of the very few members of Congress with any real understanding of the causes of the present crisis. Quite as important as this, he has the courage to say that the crisis cannot be surmounted by devising irrelevant stimulants, but only by removing the continuing causes. His has been almost the sole voice in Congress steadily and insistently calling for the reduction of tariffs. In his latest statement on the subject he remarks that as the United States led the way toward unprecedentedly high tariffs, it should now "lead in the opposite direction of sanity and sound business recovery." As a first step he urges that a world economic conference recommend a horizontal 10 per cent reduction in the permanent tariffs of all nations, with a liberalizing of exchange and other restrictions. Some such step as this is, of course, of crucial importance, but it will have to be much more drastic than that indicated by Senator Hull. As applied to all ad valorem duties, a general 10 per cent reduction could not be without at least an immediate psychological effect, and it would have, as well, some long-range effect in stimulating trade; but a 10 per cent reduction on specific duties would not begin to meet the situation. One of the most serious elements in the tariff situation is that, even if there had been no world tariff war in recent years, specific duties would have become constantly more obstructive as a result of the collapse of commodity prices. As the increasing obstructiveness of the tariff has often led to a further fall in prices, the tariff barriers have set up a vicious circle. Thus, to take the example of our greatest single import, sugar, the specific tariff of 1.76 cents a pound in 1928 was the equivalent of an ad valorem tariff of 72 per cent; in May of this year the specific tariff of 2 cents a pound was the equivalent of an ad valorem tariff of 350 per cent.

"AS A MATTER OF FACT," said the Troy *Record* in a recent editorial, "there probably are no hunger marchers in America. The term has been invented and the groups have been brought together by Communist organizers for the specific purpose of making trouble." Could more misleading and dangerous propaganda be conceived? Of course the Communists have been taking partisan advantage of the hunger and misery to be found on every hand in the United States today. But does this mean that there is no distress or starvation? Would the editor of the *Record* have us believe that the destitute are being adequately cared for and so have no reason for joining the hunger marchers? Or should the hungry slink off shamefacedly to die in some quiet corner as did Ignatz Wlosinski? The *Record* can hardly plead ignorance of the Wlosinski case, for it was from its news columns that we obtained the report of this man's death. Wlosinski's body was found in a barn on an estate near Troy, where he had to all appearances crawled in to die. "The victim was emaciated," the *Record's* account said. "His stomach and digestive tract were absolutely empty and had shriveled from disuse. A physician said the man had apparently been on a starvation diet for about three weeks." What a truly frightful picture of the human struggle for existence in this supposedly civilized country! But the fate of Ignatz Wlosinski is by no means exceptional. Similar stories are being recorded almost daily in newspapers, relief-agency reports, and hospital records throughout the country. Why not hunger marches? When will the government provide enough relief to stop this terrible suffering?

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT'S DECISION to cut out all the usual flummery of the inaugural ceremonies and to restrict the military display to the regulars garrisoned in and about Washington is doubly to be praised. There should not be a single cent wasted when there is such suffering in the land, and it is high time that some headway was made against the growing tendency to make the Presidency as showy and as regal an office as possible. In this respect we count a great deal upon Mrs. Roosevelt. A woman of great ability, admirable common sense, and good taste, she has shown no desire to be other than her simple self and the wife of an American citizen who has been temporarily chosen by his fellow-citizens to serve them in public office. We venture to prophesy that all the business of being the "first lady of the land" will appeal to her not at all, that she will wish to go on with her own useful life, and that she will use all her influence in the direction of cutting down the display and ceremonial at the White House which has developed so under the Coolidges and Hoovers that the President now appears

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at ceremonial gatherings in the White House attended by numerous aides and heralded by a trumpeter. Even in private gatherings he is expected to enter and leave the room first and to take his seat before the ladies! The White House has long needed an Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson to bring it back to the exquisite simplicity and good breeding of older days.

ONE NATURALLY HOPES that Franklin D. Roosevelt's attitude toward Soviet Russia will be more liberal than that of Herbert Hoover, although there is nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's record or utterances to indicate precisely what position he will take. He was silent during the campaign on the question of recognition, saying only that he found the question interesting and would study it. Since his election to the Presidency, however, persons upon whose advice he will largely depend in this matter have broadly suggested that Mr. Roosevelt will take positive measures toward improving American relations with Russia. Senator Swanson of Virginia, who will be the chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, not only hinted at recognition, but said that the United States would probably negotiate a commercial treaty with the Soviet Union soon after Mr. Roosevelt took office. Senator Walsh of Montana, who has been very close to Mr. Roosevelt, has declared that he will urge prompt and unqualified recognition of the Soviet Government. While the suggestion that the change in administrations in Washington will mean a change in American policy toward Russia has been received somewhat skeptically in Moscow, a "prominent Bolshevik" shortly after the election was quoted by Walter Duranty in a dispatch to the New York *Times* as declaring that his country is prepared to meet Mr. Roosevelt "halfway and in a friendly spirit in any overtures that may tend to improve relations, but the Soviet Union will wait for the United States to take the first step."

PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT contemplates, according to reports from his cottage at Warm Springs, Georgia, a reduction of $100,000,000 a year in the Navy Department budget. This proposal we indorse most warmly and without reservation, for it is precisely with the army and navy expenditures that the government must begin its economizing. As was to have been expected, the suggestion of the President-elect brought roars of pain and anguish from naval officers and the big-navy clique in Congress. Let Mr. Roosevelt not be disturbed by the bulldozing tactics of the militarists. If they were given the biggest army and fleet in the world, with the costliest and most elaborate equipment, they would still demand more. For example, it is generally agreed that our land forces are large enough to provide whatever defensive strength we may need in the foreseeable future and might, if anything, be reduced, for the sake of efficiency as well as economy. Nevertheless, Major General Douglas MacArthur, the Chief of Staff, has the audacity to ask in his annual report that the size of the army be increased. Mr. Roosevelt's suggestion renews our hope that his Administration will not allow the disarmament negotiations at Geneva to collapse for lack of support from the United States. A recent dispatch from Washington frankly declared that the statesmen at Geneva are talking of abandoning the disarmament conference. They would, this dispatch said, write into a treaty all of the agreements that have been reached to date, leaving the remaining questions to be settled through diplomatic channels. This would be utter stupidity. No agreements of any consequence have yet been reached, so what could possibly be written into the projected treaty?

THE CONTINUED PRESENCE of the entire American fleet in Pacific waters is proving a source of great irritation to the Japanese. The Navy Department has formally explained that the fleet is being kept in the Pacific Ocean solely for reasons of economy. But this explanation does not sit well with the Japanese. The more moderate elements in Japan suspect, and surely not altogether without justification, that the real motive behind the naval maneuvers is to guard against a surprise attack by Japan. This the moderate Japanese resent, for they take it to mean that the United States does not trust their country. The nationalistic press and many outstanding patriots have gone farther and declared that the United States is really preparing for war. That interpretation has no basis in fact, at least in so far as the American public is aware, but it is out of just such fears and suspicions that wars often arise. The tension between the two countries is already so great that we cannot possibly afford to let it increase. It is imperative that the Atlantic fleet be returned to its home station. Only thus can one of the principal causes of the growing ill-will of the Japanese toward America be removed. We doubt very much that any considerable sum is saved by keeping the Atlantic and Pacific fleets together. It is even more questionable that the Japanese would dare attempt a surprise attack upon our western shores, for no fleet can hope to operate successfully at such a great distance from its coaling stations, repair depots, and normal sources of supply.

SO GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER, who has so long been in power behind the arras in German politics, becomes the first military Chancellor of the German Republic. He has made and unmade Cabinets; he has concentrated in himself the too great authority and power of the Reichswehr, with which he has been able to drive ministers from office and play the Warwick; and now he steps out into the open to grasp the power. His selection is certainly far better than would have been that of Hitler, but it probably presages a long period of presidential government beyond the constitution and at times in defiance of it. Von Schleicher is a remarkably able man. Some who have known him all his life think that he has in him not only the possibilities of a ruthless dictator, but even of a Napoleon. He is not as reactionary or as stupid as most of the men whom Von Papen had collected in his Cabinet. Von Schleicher at least knows that things have changed in Germany. For example, he has made friendly advances to the labor unions, into whose councils he has freely gone. In other words, he is distinctly more pliable than the average German reactionary. None the less, his selection is ominous for the republic, especially if it is true that Von Hindenburg is rapidly failing under the strain not only of the office of President, but of the successive parliamentary turmoils, elections, and stalemates. While Von Schleicher was only a staff captain in the World War, he is one of the old military school and has emphatically declared that Germany will rearm, and promptly. Thus do we see again how well it pays to go to war to make a people democratic and establish democracy throughout the world.

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PERSIA HAS APPARENTLY DECIDED to throw off the yoke of British economic imperialism. No other interpretation can be placed upon the action of the government at Teheran in suddenly canceling the valuable concession held by the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. Whether the Persians will succeed is another question. Their country has long been regarded by Great Britain as one of its principal "spheres of influence" in the Middle East. For one thing, Persia stands on the road to India, and so is generally regarded as a part of the British system of inter-imperial communications. Moreover, its extensive oil deposits are highly prized by the British, as much for their strategic value as for their commercial importance. According to a rather frank dispatch from London, "the British have been quick to realize that this is not an ordinary business dispute, but an outburst of Persian nationalism which will not yield easily to ordinary methods of treatment." In other words, Great Britain intends to use whatever pressure it can to cure the Shah's government of its sudden desire for economic independence, perhaps even to the point of resorting to military occupation, if that is deemed necessary. The same dispatch reported that "the Shah's government was on the point of granting a virtual monopoly of the Persian automobile and rubber trades" to American interests "over the heads of British competitors." This plan, if carried through, will sooner or later lead to trouble. It is hard to believe that the British would tolerate an American invasion of one of their spheres of influence. The American companies would do well to stay out of the Persian quarrel.

WHEN THE NEWSPAPERS published the protests by the Woman Patriot Corporation against the admission of Dr. Einstein to the United States, on the ground that he was a Communist and thus a danger to the country, the good professor did the only thing that a philosopher could do under the circumstances. He ironically complimented the patriotic ladies by recalling the occasion when mighty Rome was saved by "the cackling of her faithful geese" and insisted that he had never in his life been rebuffed by so many of the "beautiful sex" all at once. Thus he attempted to dispose of both the ladies and the incident in one amiable jest, properly assuming that no serious notice would be taken of the protest. Unfortunately his confidence in the intelligence of United States government officials was misplaced. The protest of the Woman Patriot Corporation had been solemnly forwarded to American consular offices in Europe, and when Dr. Einstein called at the consulate in Berlin for a visa, in anticipation of his visit to America to lecture at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, his visa was held up while he was subjected to a cross-examination on his views about communism, pacifism, and anarchism. Could a great nation possibly devise a more effective method of making a fool of itself in the eyes of the civilized world? Dr. Einstein is not a Communist or an anarchist, but he is a confirmed pacifist. He is also one of the world's greatest scientists and most appealing personalities. He has been the recipient of honors of all sorts from the United States, including a message of congratulation from President Hoover. We hope he will meet this fantastic indignity with his usual tolerance and good humor and will prove his infinite superiority to officious ignoramuses—in office and out—by coming to America and forgiving us our trespasses.

Al Smith, Statesman

AL SMITH, on December 1, made the most worthwhile and constructive suggestions for a reorganization of the municipal government of the city of New York yet given to the legislative committee of inquiry of which Mr. Seabury is the counsel. It caused his friends greatly to rejoice, because it showed again Mr. Smith's unusual grasp of governmental problems, his honest, constructive thinking, and his clear, straightforward statement of his position without ifs, buts, compromises, or the usual cloud of words in which the average politician conceals his real thoughts. It caused consternation in Tammany Hall, for Mr. Smith, its most distinguished member, deliberately urged the dropping of 100 elective officials, the abolition of the costly and complicated borough system under which the city is subdivided into five autonomous districts, the combination of numerous departments, and the regrouping of others so as to make enormous savings and to increase efficiency. He even went so far in his treasonable utterances as to urge that the selection of judges be taken out of politics by having them appointed for life—by the governor in the higher courts and by the mayor in the lower. No wonder that Tammany squealed!

Of course, if all the changes which Mr. Smith recommends were to take place, the city of New York would be a different place to live in. There would be far greater concentration of responsibility; the mayor would have greater executive power; and the present Board of Estimate and Apportionment would be transformed into an upper legislative chamber while the Board of Aldermen would be cut down to twenty-three members. Mr. Smith favored the taking over of all the transit lines by the city. He also urged the immediate construction of model housing for the poor by the use of loans from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, besides making five other specific recommendations for immediate relief. All his suggestions are particularly valuable at this time, when the city is in dire financial jeopardy—at this writing face to face with the possibility that its relief funds will be exhausted on December 7, and uncertain whether it will be able either to pay the vast amount of short-term notes coming due or to meet all the demands of its pay roll for December. Mr. Smith even presented in well-drafted form the three constitutional amendments which would be required to put certain phases of his scheme into effect. If he devotes himself to pushing his plan through he ought to be able to accomplish a great deal.

We do not wish, however, to give the impression that it is our belief that if Mr. Smith accomplishes what he asks there will be a model government in New York. To achieve that there would have to be much greater municipal socialization, and the complete control by the city of those special privileges, such as the sale of franchises, pier privileges, and the like, which are now the greatest source of corruption, both on the part of the men who have the favors to sell and of those who wish to buy them. Proportional representation the city will still need badly, and probably a city manager, too. But Al Smith's proposals would unquestionably put New York on the road to becoming a decently organized and managed muncipality, with a judiciary beyond suspicion.

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War Debts and Taxpayers

THE second British note asking for revision of the war-debt settlements is a masterly document. Not since the Armistice has there been an official communication from one great government to another so admirable in tone, style, and cogency. While the note calls attention to all the factors which have gravely reduced Great Britain's capacity to pay the war debt, it raises the discussion far above that immediate and narrow ground. The real question, it emphasizes, is the capacity of the world to endure the economic and financial consequences which the "unnatural transfer" of war-debt payments would involve.

The note begins by reminding the United States that the present unparalleled depression is the culmination of the disorder caused by the war, and that while "the causes of the depression may be manifold, it has been generally recognized that war debts and reparations have been one of the major causes." It follows that "a settlement of these debts, which will relieve world anxieties under this head, is an indispensable condition of a revival of general prosperity." The note goes on to point out that the war loans were made, at bottom, not in the form of money but in the form of goods, and that "if the course of commerce were deflected to the extent required to repay these war-time debts, it would entail a radical alteration in the economy both of debtor and of creditor countries." In the period from 1923 to 1929 the debtor countries appeared to be repaying these loans, but the payment was really rendered possible by the flow of investment capital from the United States to Europe, so that the prosperity of that period "was to a large extent illusory," and the system broke down in 1931. The note next goes on to show that war debts are radically different in nature from debts arising out of the flow of private capital. Private loans are in general used for capital investment which can enable the borrower to "repay them with interest and at the same time become more prosperous," but the war loans were used for destruction: "Like the shells on which they were largely spent, these loans were blown to pieces."

The note next correctly asserts that the question of the debtor's "capacity to pay," even when that phrase is most liberally interpreted, is of secondary importance, and that the question of the intergovernmental debts must be judged by comparison, not with the volume of internal revenue, but with the balance of trade. Yet while the burden of the war debts in terms of goods is twice as great as it was when the debts were contracted, the international trade of the world has fallen to half the value it had only three years ago, and the direct trade between the United States and Great Britain has fallen to one-third its former amount. If the British debt to us is not substantially reduced, Great Britain will be obliged to cut down its purchases from us still further, the sacrifice of its gold reserves will imperil London's position as a world financial center, all the good done at Lausanne will have to be undone, the depression will deepen, and commodity prices will continue to fall, "with disastrous consequences from which no nation would be exempt."

The British note remarks that "the loss which both the United Kingdom and the United States taxpayers would suffer from reconsideration of the war debts cannot be measured in the same scales as the untold loss of wealth and the human misery caused by the present economic crisis." Let us, however, make the attempt to measure them in the same scales and see what result we get. The total income of the American people in 1929 was estimated at $85,200,000,000. *Bradstreet's* has just estimated that that income in 1932 has shrunk to $37,500,000,000. This comparison, of course, is based on a comparison of income in terms of dollars. If we allow for the fall of about a third in commodity prices, we may say that our national income in terms of goods at the 1929 price level is about $56,200,000,000. Here is a national loss of at least $29,000,000,000 a year. Against this we have to balance a loss of $280,000,000 a year, or less than one one-hundredth of that sum, if we were to cancel outright the foreign governmental debts owing to our government.

Now let us restate these figures in terms that apply to the individual taxpayer. The per capita national income in 1929 was $704 a year. In 1932 that per capita income, in terms of dollars, has fallen to $300; in terms of goods, to approximately $450. Our federal expenditures in 1933 will come to about $3,300,000,000, or $26.40 per capita. If the war debts were demanded—and were paid—this would be reduced by $2.24. The problem for those who profess to be concerned solely for the American taxpayer, therefore, might be stated something like this: Is it better for that taxpayer to have an income of $704, and pay $26.40 of it in taxes, or is it better for him to pay only $24.16 of his income in taxes, but to have an income of only $450? Should he lose $250 of his annual income in order to save $2 in taxes? Should he lose 35 per cent of his income in order to save ⅓ of 1 per cent? It may be objected that such a comparison is grossly unfair, because it assumes that if the war debts were canceled we should immediately return to prosperity. But even if we assume that cancelation or reduction would take us only one-tenth of the way back—and in our opinion, it would surely do much more than that—the gain to the American taxpayer as a result of cancelation or drastic reduction would still be at the rate of more than ten to one. And we must not forget that the slight burden of increased taxes could be equitably distributed, while the loss of income as the result of the world-wide depression is distributed with gross inequity. It has already resulted in practically a total loss of current income for a fourth of our population.

We do not see how Congress can remain blind in the face of such facts as these, or how it can turn a deaf ear to so powerful a document as the British note, or as the French note which reinforces it. If President Hoover were to recommend revision regardless of Congress's attitude, his action would not only show statesmanship; it would be of immense importance in the next few months. Even if Congress should, in spite of all, take the monstrous course of rejecting the President's plea, our relations with Europe would be far less perilous than if his plea had not been made. For Europe would know that a Congress with its eyes closed and its fingers in its ears was not all America, and that there was still hope for reason and sanity.

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A Warning to Doctors

THE report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care, which Evans Clark discusses in this issue of *The Nation,* represents a significant warning which the medical profession cannot afford to ignore. Certainly the profession must not take the attitude already adopted by the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* This organ of the medical societies denounces the report as an "incitement to revolution," and declares that it stands in the way of the present "gradual evolution" of medicine in this country. Such a superficial judgment is bound to do harm. A careful study of the committee's recommendations convinces us that they constitute anything but an "incitement to revolution." In fact, the report presents abundant evidence that the "gradual evolution" of which the *Journal* speaks, can only result in still further increasing "the perplexing problem of providing adequate medical care for all persons at costs within their means." Obviously, if it becomes increasingly difficult for most of the people to meet their doctors' bills, the present system must be considered detrimental to the economic interests of the physicians and dentists themselves. There are only two alternatives to this really dangerous tendency—the profession can upon its own initiative reform the present system of medical care, or the state can step in and take over that task.

This is the issue which the committee's report presents squarely and frankly to the medical profession. It is entirely up to the doctors and dentists. If conditions in the medical field are not soon improved, a widespread demand for the socialization of medicine is certain to develop. Then it may be too late to think of the sensible and practical plan which the committee has now put at the disposal of the profession. The plan may not be ideal, but certainly the deficiencies and inequities it may contain can be worked out and got rid of more quickly under the control of the profession than under the control of the state. Under the projected scheme laymen and government officials would be concerned only with financial and similar administrative matters. The doctors would have authority over the personnel of the medical centers and full jurisdiction in all questions of professional and scientific import.

In its editorial the *Journal of the American Medical Association* accuses several members of the committee of having displayed personal bias in preparing the report. If this means that these members have had the courage to act upon their convictions, it is doubtless true. But if it means that they have ignored the facts uncovered in the five years which the committee devoted to its study of the problem, the accusation falls to the ground. The editorial does not charge the doctors of medicine on the committee with prejudice. Yet a majority of them, after participating in the study and thereby acquainting themselves with all the available facts, indorsed the committee's plan. At the very least the medical societies and their spokesmen would be acting wisely and in their own best interests if they were to emulate their representatives on the committee and acquaint themselves with all the facts before passing judgment. Their haste in denouncing the report before they have had a chance really to digest it only betrays their own prejudice.

Lunacharsky on Art

BOTH here and abroad Communist circles continue to be agitated concerning the attitude which their members ought to take toward literature. Thus in the *New Masses* for November Lunacharsky discusses Marxism and Art, while in the New York *Herald Tribune Books* Louis Fischer writes at length on the dissolution of RAPP (the Association of Proletarian Writers), and predicts a new era in contemporary Russian literature following the disappearance of this extremely doctrinaire organization.

Lunacharsky's article may doubtless be considered as semi-official, and the most interesting thing about it is the way in which it manages to leave a very wide door ajar while appearing at the same time to maintain the most unimpeachable orthodoxy. Art, he says, always involves an ideology and that ideology always grows out of the dominant social realities. For this reason art itself becomes a social force by supplying the banners around which a special class gathers.

> Marxism is itself the ideology of a definite class—the proletariat. Marxism is the only ideology which does no violence to reality. This is due to the fact that the proletariat is the class of the future. . . . A Marxist talent distinguishes itself by the fact that the acuteness of its reactions is specifically colored. Such a talent reacts with particular sensitivity to everything which has a direct connection with the great contemporary struggle. . . . A really great Marxist writer carries within himself an enormous arsenal of idealism, a colossal mass of bitterness and contempt for the evil sides of life, a tremendous amount of fighting spirit.

Nothing in all this could fail to please the most orthodox Communist, and, indeed, if it be accepted merely as a description of the working principles of a school of writers, nothing in it need be objected to by any student of literature no matter what his attitude may be toward the ordinary Communist contention that this school is the only one which has a right to exist. But Lunacharsky writes another innocent-sounding paragraph which the Calvinist of communism might well read with alarm:

> It is possible to find a decadent work of art a marvelous combination of color, line, or sound; it is possible to find in a degenerate work of art something which is very useful from the technical point of view. Similarly, in a monumental building permeated with the slave-holding spirit of some despot we may find magnificent proportions which are the product not only of despotism but also of the mightiest forms of mass-organization. The Marxist can thus learn something from every work of the past . . .

It is obvious, then, that the Communist need not disregard the decadent works of the past. He may learn from them and he may learn also—it would at least appear—from equally decadent works of the present. But if this principle be granted, then the Communist may range through all literature as freely and joyously as the veriest aesthete if he will only remind himself from time to time that he is doing so for a good Communist purpose. It was exactly thus that the Christian church solved the problem of classical literature, and it was because it did solve it in this way that the church became the preserver of the great pagan classics.

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The Future of the Socialist Party

Open Letter to Norman Thomas

DEAR MR. THOMAS: In common with many of your coworkers you must be astonished at the small percentage of the total vote you received in the recent election. I am certain also that you are not prepared to accept as a satisfactory reason the statement that "liberals and others seeking a change turned to the anticipated immediate relief which the Roosevelt candidacy offered as against the long stretch which socialism involved."

It seems to me that you are now called upon to put in practice one of two alternatives. You will either have to continue in the harness of a dogmatic socialism, under the control of a somewhat obsolete leadership and blind to inevitable changes in party name and construction, or you will have to lead a real third-party movement unencumbered by the handicaps which the Socialist Party labors under today.

In all this there is no reflection on the truths which socialism embodies, or on the many fine men and women who have devoted their lives to this cause. I am merely trying to say that here in the United States, whether we like it or not, we must realize that the word socialism is still frequently confused with an alien philosophy of government which includes everything from atheism to the nationalization of women, and that this misconception is so solidly ingrained in the minds of millions of our people that even you, with your unprecedented audiences and personal magnetism, are unable to rise above it.

You will recall that this was the real issue between yourself and the other party leaders at Milwaukee. For years many of us who have looked upon the two major parties as separate wings of the same bird of prey have argued that there are millions of laborers, farmers, and even small merchants who would rally to a new party if it were sufficiently divorced from socialism as they understand it. The fact that their understanding of socialism was a mistaken one did not help in the last campaign and it will not help in the future.

The orthodox group which dominates the party in this country today is as much blinded to realities as are those who confuse socialism with a breakdown of the American home. They imagine that refusal to yield party control is a manifestation of their true faith. In this respect they are like religious leaders who see religion losing ground because of their refusal to amend outworn and impossible tenets. In truth, the party leaders in this attitude are as dogmatic and fanatical as many religious leaders.

The question is this: Do you wish to secure a Socialist program by any other name, whose benefits will be as real, or do you wish to cling to a name and to a party control which is in the hands of men who simply will not budge and who insist that if they wait long enough the mountain will come to Mohammed? Surely the amazingly small vote you received in this unparalleled economic emergency is the final answer to those who insist that they will not change the name, the appeal, the control, or remove a dot or dash from the platform. Are we to continue to labor for some mythical "pie in the sky" until all misunderstandings have been cleared away or are we to be realistic enough to know that we have something to sell and that it must be sold from the consumers' (voters') point of view? Or are we to insist that we will not budge or change a single iota and "jest wait and wait"?

You will find millions of followers if you will take the Socialist program, strip it bare of the verbiage it has gathered through the ages, and offer it to the people in language they understand and approve. If this is betrayal, let those who are living in the dead past make the most of it.

GABRIEL HEATTER

Norman Thomas Replies

IT is an encouraging aftermath of a somewhat disappointing vote in the election that the volume of discussion in the press and in personal correspondence concerning the future of the Socialist Party and of myself is as large as it is. I am literally showered with the most contradictory advice, most of it friendly in tone and sincere in interest. Mr. Heatter's open letter is a good statement of the familiar cry for a new name and less dogmatism in Socialist tactics. (He might be surprised to learn how much less of this sort of criticism there is proportionately than in former years.) Probably the most effective use I can make of the space *The Nation* has put at my disposal is not to answer Mr. Heatter in detail but to discuss affirmatively the situation in which not only the Socialist Party but all thoughtful men who are disquieted by the status quo find themselves as the result of the recent anti-Hoover stampede.

The Socialist vote that was counted—and I have a steadily accumulating body of evidence that, as usual, a large part of it was not counted—will be considerably more than three times that of 1928. It was, however, only about half of what conservative observers expected as a result of the size of our meetings—which, by the way, were predominantly working-class—the indications of straw votes, and the general volume of publicity which we received. Walter Lippmann and others have suggested that our failure to maintain in the general election the proportion of ballots which we received in the *Literary Digest* straw vote showed that our strength was primarily among professional and white-collar groups. At first I rather reluctantly accepted that explanation. I have since learned by definite reports from more than one State that as a matter of fact many of those who voted Socialist in the straw ballot switched at the last moment to Roosevelt in a panic fear lest Hoover might win. Such shortsighted panic is not a peculiarity of manual workers. It is a general American political phenomenon, not the less disquieting for that reason to those of us who want to make political action useful in times when revolutionary change is demanded. The American electorate has proved in the last two elections that it is capable of ignoring traditional party allegiance, but it does this as yet only to express its fears or hates. It is incredible that an intelligent electorate with any real faith in the positive values of political action should act so negatively. This deep-seated and disquieting malady

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among our people could hardly be reached by a mere change in the Socialist name.

Look at the facts. This is the worst depression in American history. Fear and discontent are almost universal. Certainly they are universal among the masses of workers and farmers. Almost as widespread as the discontent is a cynical disbelief in both of the old parties and in politicians generally. The amount of talk of the probable necessity for violent action in some vague future would amaze the observer who judges America wholly by election returns. On a rainy day shortly before the election Communists in Chicago contributed a larger contingent to a hunger march than the total vote they mustered at the polls in Cook County.

In such a revolutionary situation it was not merely or chiefly the Socialist vote which was smaller than one would expect. The Communist vote increased little over that of 1928. It will probably not exceed 75,000 for the whole country. Mr. Heater would say that is because Communists are stamped more plainly than Socialists with the errors of which he complains. I should say that in part the Communist failure was due to a very stupid type of campaigning which consisted largely in circulating outside and sometimes inside our meetings slanderous attacks on socialism and Socialists, such as the statement: "Norman Thomas believes in lynching." Yet the explanation must go deeper than this. There were all sorts of groups of American radicals and progressives who carefully eschewed the words socialist and socialism. They had programs or panaceas ranging all the way from the League for Independent Political Action's intellectualized version of a watered-down socialism to "Coin" Harvey's latest financial panacea. The times seemed ripe for them. Neither Socialists nor Communists had the strength, even if they had the desire, to keep them out of the political picture. Yet not one of these groups made any impression on the electorate. Father Cox, who began by declaring that the man who voted either old-party ticket this year "deserved sympathy neither from God nor man," ended by delivering whatever strength he had to Governor Roosevelt before election day. The L. I. P. A. indorsed the Socialist ticket for the duration of this campaign, an indorsement which I appreciated but which I found of little effect in any city except Columbus, Ohio, where there was an active and politically useful L. I. P. A. group. It was the only one of significance that I remember in months of campaigning.

Did this collapse of minor parties mean that, as in 1896, their ideas had captured one of the major parties? By no means. Never in a time of depression did the principal candidate of the outs offer so little as Governor Roosevelt. He won. Progressives come very cheap in modern America. All that they wanted to know this year was that Governor Roosevelt was not President Hoover. They put cotton in their ears and blinders on their eyes to keep from knowing his record or his program. He was able with impunity to spend the last two or three weeks of his campaign in a satisfactory demonstration to Wall Street that he was entirely safe. Witness his support by Vincent Astor, Owen D. Young, John J. Raskob, and others. Contrast that with the Bryan record in 1896 to see how far Americans have retrogressed in their political demands in time of crisis.

Against this the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* editorially advances the argument that weak as the Socialist Party is, Socialist measures are always winning because the party, or life itself, somehow manages to force them on one or both of the old parties. There is much truth in that statement, but these indirect gains of socialism are achieved too partially and too late to be of great service to a people swept on toward the downfall of a social order.

The moral of this story certainly is more than the failure of the Socialist name to appeal to the American people. Indeed, on the positive side, if space permitted, I could quote conversations and letters in support of the statement that this year socialism as socialism commanded new and widespread interest and aroused little of the old antagonism. Voters in Milwaukee, Reading, Bridgeport, and New York are little terrified of a name in voting for municipal candidates. This widespread interest is the first step in the movement toward socialism which is the one hope of America.

Nor is my position weakened by reflection on the La Follette campaign of 1924, which my friends often invite me to consider. That year there was no such overwhelming anger against the party in power as this year, and there was resentment among farmers and workers against the Democrats, some of it because Smith was not nominated, some because McAdoo lost. In this mood a temporary coalition was worked out which we fondly hoped might result in a labor party. The fact that after polling almost five million votes that coalition fell apart like a rope of sand is of itself proof that under exceptionally favorable circumstances the avoidance of the Socialist philosophy and the Socialist name got a large vote at the price of complete impermanence even of protest, to say nothing of constructive policy. After 1924 the Socialist movement had the courage to keep going. The Progressive movement quit the national field.

This observation leads me to an argument of far greater weight than the size of the vote. Fifty million Frenchmen, Englishmen, or even Americans *can* be wrong. The failure of the workers of America to respond to socialism does not mean that something less frank and drastic will save us in this hour when the capitalistic era draws near its end. It is our tragedy that at a time when the march of events demanded something much more than the old La Follette or George W. Norris progressivism, the masses of voters stampeded to something infinitely less. Are we therefore to abandon our Socialist philosophy or even our Socialist name, which helps to keep that philosophy and its economic and international implications steadily in mind? Remember that we have not anything like as many years for slow change as it seemed in 1924 that we should have. If we are to escape catastrophe or a fascism which is in itself disaster we must get intelligent and effective action both at home and abroad in a very few years. There are no signs whatever of any such degree of automatic economic recovery as would give capitalism any marked reprieve through a return of prosperity. The situation demands planning. But purpose must precede plan. Neither manual nor white-collar workers can be aroused and united by a mere pragmatic program.

Nothing great has ever been done in history until the demands latent in economic development have found interpretation in a loyalty, a vision, a philosophy to stir the hearts of men. Without the philosophy of the Declaration of Independence thirteen quarreling colonies could never have become a nation. An adequate philosophy is what we need above all else in America, and it is this which socialism offers and progressivism does not. Socialism says definitely: We

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can only master the machine age by collective ownership of all natural resources and of the principal means of production and distribution and their operation for use and not profit. We seek a world-wide federation of cooperative commonwealths. On the basis of this philosophy we Socialists have gone farther in working out practical programs than anyone else. It is at once a source of encouragement and discouragement to remember that we stated concretely a program which many ignored but no one seriously challenged on the intellectual side in the whole campaign. I do not believe that the mass of workers will continue to ignore our program. The predestined failure of the Democratic Party with its amazingly incompatible elements North and South, East and West; the certainty that out of Mr. Roosevelt's vaulting ambition and shrewd political sense no adequate statesmanship can be born—witness his stand in the matter of the foreign debts—give us high hope that the interest in socialism already expressed in America may be carried into action.

I do not insist that conversion to the philosophy and program of socialism absolutely requires a party with a Socialist name or that there is no chance for any genuine Socialist movement outside of the present Socialist Party. I do believe that there are more advantages than disadvantages in keeping the Socialist name, and a far better chance to build into great strength a Socialist Party which has emerged from the election with a sound and encouraging organization and spirit in almost every State in the Union, than to build out of nothing but vague longings a more effective Socialist Party under some new name. A mass movement among the farmers and workers, now not even on the horizon, or the failure of the Socialist Party to utilize its present opportunities and to build on the foundations it laid in this campaign and in the years before, might create a situation that now does not exist. Certainly the Socialist Party is faced with important questions of tactics, organization, and the nature of its appeal to the working class—questions, let me add, not fairly to be understood from Mr. Heatter's letter. We face these questions with confidence, a confidence which would be increased if our sideline critics of the left and of the right would accept our invitation, honestly offered, and come inside our movement to help us build in critical hours. It is not primarily our "dogmatism" which deters them. Usually it is a hidden but powerful class interest. This is true even of sympathetic "liberals." I have reason to suspect that some of our critics who talk glibly about the working masses in America and their failure to understand the truth, or the Socialists' failure to reach them, belong to organizations like the L. I. P. A. because they dislike practical contact with those same working masses, and unconsciously avoid the contacts that the Socialist Party affords.

I do not say this in any spirit of recrimination. The crisis before us is too vast for that. It is a crisis which forces us to face two questions: First, do the philosophy and the program of socialism show us the way out? Second, if so, how can we best organize to make that philosophy and program effective? How shall we arouse the solidarity of a working class which so far has failed to assert that solidarity even in time of crisis? Believing as I do that socialism and only socialism is the hope of the world, I am solely concerned with the second question, and I am very little interested in those who would tell me that we might win greater seeming success at the price of sacrificing the philosophy and program in which alone is hope. On the contrary, the supreme necessity for those of us who would escape dictatorship and catastrophic violence is a new birth of intelligent audacity in the Socialist appeal and the Socialist organization the world over.

NORMAN THOMAS

How to Budget Doctors' Bills

By EVANS CLARK

As most of us know from personal experience, the financial aftermath of illness is often worse than the illness itself. Except for the wealthy fraction of the population—negligible in point of numbers—almost every family in the United States has its own story to tell of difficulties with doctors' bills. Many carry almost permanently the burden of debt piled up by a single major illness. As a result we have today a profound undercurrent of public dissatisfaction with medical service. Popular criticism is directed not so much against the science as against the economics of medicine. As a matter of fact, a large proportion of the doctors are also dissatisfied. The uncertainty of income plagues the physician as much as the uncertainty of expense has plagued his patients.

Into this ferment of national interest the final report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care has now been plunged. Like a chemical precipitant it has already begun to clear the cloudy waters. While a final solution is far in the future, at least the problem is defined as it never has been before. Incidentally the work of the committee has been a most valuable laboratory test of the way in which economic research can be focused and applied to the practical uses of man.

Owing largely to the pioneering vision and interest of Dr. Llewellys F. Barker, Michael M. Davis, Edward A. Filene, Walton H. Hamilton, Paul U. Kellogg, Harry H. Moore, Edgar Sydenstricker, and Dr. C.-E. A. Winslow the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care was formed five years ago to make a thorough study of the economic aspects of medical care and to formulate constructive suggestions for bringing adequate medical service to the people at a price they can pay. The committee, under the chairmanship of Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, is composed of seventeen physicians drawn from private practice; ten representatives of institutions and special interests, including five physicians; nine representatives of the lay public; six members from the field of public health, including four physicians; and six economists. There can be no question that the committee is the most widely representative and substantial group which has studied the public aspects of medicine in this country. It has been financed, moreover, by the joint efforts of eight leading foundations.

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The committee now comes before the public with two principal achievements: first, a statement of facts and, second, a program of action. The statement of facts is composed of twenty-five research reports which give as complete a picture as has been drawn of medical service as it exists in the United States today—personnel, plant, income, expenses, and activities. The facts dispose of at least one public misconception: the reason medical costs are high is not that doctors are overpaid. The average income of the American doctor is only $5,300 a year, and this figure includes the "high-priced specialist" in the cities. The committee finds that one-third of the physicians live on less than $2,500 a year.

Medical expenses are high because they come unexpectedly and then, often, in staggering doses. We have no way of budgeting illness as we budget food or clothing. If we had to buy all our clothes for several years at once, we should complain of the tailor's bills; and if we could not fit the time we bought them to the exigencies of our bank account, our resentment would be all the greater. The committee has shown by bare statistics—on which are hung a multitude of individual human tragedies—the uneven and unpredictable burdens of illness. They disclose the fact that almost one-half of the total costs of illness in any one year are borne by about one-tenth of the population. Nor is there any way by which this one-tenth which are so hard-hit can forecast their troubles and prepare for them financially.

The committee's research also indicates that the costs of medical care have not been and cannot be reduced by improved mechanical technique, as can the manufacture of automobiles or shoes or razor blades. The progress of science has, in fact, increased its cost by elaborating the measures and appliances used without decreasing the amount of personal service required. Machines and mechanical power can never displace the doctor as they can the digger of ditches or the layer of bricks.

The facts have led the committee to the two central problems of medical economics: first, the reduction of costs, in the only way they can be reduced—by a more efficient organization of plant and personnel; and, second, the distribution of these costs so that they can be budgeted in advance and paid for in instalments. For each of these problems a large majority of the committee suggests a constructive solution. They advocate "group practice" to eliminate the wastes of the present disorganized individualism among doctors, and "group payment" to render costs both predictable and bearable for their patients. The majority report of the committee suggests that better service can be given at a lower cost by units of doctors—general diagnosticians and major specialists, with dentists and oculists as well—furnishing all-round medical care through jointly owned and operated office and hospital plants. By pooling the overhead and allowing for a more intensive use of X-ray and other laboratory equipment the expense per doctor can be reduced. By combined book- and record-keeping the wastes of duplication may be avoided. By turning over their business affairs to a central management the individual doctors can be relieved of a task which now burdens them and which others are better trained to perform.

The report further suggests that the costs of medical service be distributed among groups of people and over specific periods of time "through the use of insurance, through the use of taxation, or through the use of both these methods." Most of the majority members of the committee urged that voluntarily "organized groups of consumers unite in paying into a common fund agreed annual sums in weekly or monthly instalments and in arranging with organized groups of medical practitioners to furnish them and their families with virtually complete medical service"—in effect, consumers' cooperatives for the purchase of medical care. Several members of the majority recommended that at least the industrial States should immediately begin to plan for the adoption of compulsory health-insurance legislation. In a distinguished dissenting statement Professor Walton H. Hamilton of Yale criticizes the majority report for not going far enough. "Compulsory health insurance is the very minimum," he says, "which this committee should have recommended." Mr. Hamilton would also have the State make membership compulsory in the medical centers proposed by the committee.

As an ultimate aim the majority suggested the formation in the urban areas of "medical-service centers," including a general hospital, offices of physicians and dentists, and "all the facilities necessary for the practice of modern scientific medicine." Such a center would offer complete medical and hospital care. "Its physicians would see patients in their homes, at the offices of the center, and in the hospital. . . . Preventive medicine would receive special emphasis. Full use would be made of periodic medical examinations . . . and every effort would be made to discover disease in its early stages and to limit its development." The service would be paid for by regular fixed fees, as is insurance, for those who could afford to pay. The committee estimates that the costs would amount to between $20 and $40 a year per person, exclusive of capital charges, for complete service. For those who could not afford the fee local or State tax funds could be used to make up the difference. In the operation of these centers the committee believes the role of "the family practitioner" could be "prominent and respected." "Each patient would be primarily under the charge of the family practitioner of his choice." The specialists of the center would be called in only on more difficult and obscure ailments—as is the case now with the independent family doctor, except that the specialist would be in the same building and the same organization and thus working in closer cooperation with the general practitioner.

The importance and the drastic character of these recommendations are obvious. They point the way to a possible solution of the economic problems of both doctors and patients. The medical staff of such medical centers would be relatively free of the uncertainties of collections and the difficulties of adjusting their fees to their estimates of their patients' incomes. The patients, on the other hand, would know that no matter what illnesses befell them they would be guaranteed good medical care and would never have to pay more than a regular annual fee. And, most important of all, the whole current of economic interest of the medical staff would be directed to keeping their patients well.

Nine members of the committee dissented from these particular recommendations of the majority. All but one are physicians and they include Dr. Olin West, chief executive officer of the American Medical Association. This medical minority—which is a minority of the medical members as well as of the committee as a whole—opposes both group practice and group payment. They believe that groups lead to undesirable "competition" and "underbidding"; that "the

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continuous personal relationship of physician and patient would be difficult if not impossible"; that "the evils of contract practice are widespread and pernicious"; and that "the medical-center plan is the adoption by medicine of the technique of big business, that is, mass production," which is "destructive of professional traditions."

On the same day that the committee's findings were made public, copies of an editorial from the *Journal of the American Medical Association* were given to the newspapers of the whole country bitterly attacking the majority report. Its recommendations, the editorial says, "will mean the destruction of private practice"; they "represent exploitation of physicians for the gain of business"; they contain "the pet plans of many of its members sweetly elaborated." "The alignment is clear," continues the editorial, "on the one side the forces representing the great foundations, public-health officialdom, social theory—even socialism and communism—inciting to revolution; on the other the organized medical profession of this country."

This sort of emotional opposition is unfortunate—not so much for the committee's program as for the medical profession. The American people demand adequate medical care at a price they can pay. The committee's suggestions offer a way in which this can be given without sacrifice of control of medical service by the profession. This control is threatened today in two directions—through the rise of industrial medicine and through the possibility of state domination in some form or other. Large corporations are more and more instituting medical services for their employees which, of necessity, put professional personnel and achievements at the mercy of the business profits and losses. The pressure of a dissatisfied public may also break through the dam of caution and individualism in a wave of legislation sweeping the doctors in large numbers on the pay rolls of city and State governments. As Secretary Wilbur said at the conference at which the committee report was presented: "Something must be done. Either the doctors will do it, or it will be done to them."

The implied strategy of the majority report should not be misunderstood. Through the medical-center proposal the committee has suggested a form of social and professional machinery which, if it worked well in the experimental stages, could, and I believe should, be used as a vehicle for compulsory health insurance and yet leave the final administration of medical service where it belongs—in the hands of the doctors themselves. Further, the medical centers could be used by large corporations under group contracts to serve their employees without the dangers of direct corporate domination. For the doctors to be led by the stale red herrings of "communism" and "revolution" to oppose the only form of reorganization of medical service which offers them a prospect of continued control would seem not only nearsighted but in the face of the uncertain future very close to professional treason.

Colonel House's Self-Defense

By C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

BREAKING his more or less carefully kept rule not to give interviews to the press in answer to criticisms of his war policies, Colonel House relented sufficiently on his seventy-fifth birthday to offer a few mature reflections on the events of fifteen years ago to a reporter for the Boston *Globe*. His words took the form of a reply to the article entitled Wilson Was for War in March, 1916, in *The Nation* of July 27, 1932. Confessing that the President does possess too large powers to make war, Colonel House, nevertheless, found it impossible to discover any semblance of prejudice against Germany in his or Mr. Wilson's war-time attitude. "Some of the best friends I had and have were and are Germans," he solemnly said. But, he admitted, "we were not pacifists to the extent that we thought this country should avoid war in the event that it was to the advantage of the United States to go to war." And so the President and he convinced themselves that it *was* to the advantage of the United States to go to war against this country of their friends.

The fact is that President Wilson's foreign policy was unquestionably an expression on the international plane of desires firmly rooted in the thought of the American people. It was, in essence, an effort to realize the American ideals of peace and disarmament by agreement between the dominant Powers of the world. The expansionist impulses of the great nations were to be directed into socially desirable channels, such as the development of backward areas. This policy, in Wilson's eyes, necessitated the extension of democracy to the people of the world as the most beneficent and righteous governmental form known to man. During the war it found expression in efforts to arrange peace among the warring Powers. Now it requires no suspicious mind to discern that this program is on the one hand an expression of political "idealism" and on the other a concession to the hardest sort of economic imperialism. This contradiction runs through all of Wilson's ideology, and the impossibility of reconciling these two drives brought Wilson low in the end. It has brought the American progressives low time and again. The squaring of ideals with economic forces is an exercise to which the American mind is but ill-adapted, but until this art is learned we shall have eternally recurring examples of the bankruptcy of our men of principle.

It is this contradiction at the bottom of Wilson's mind that makes the use of the "deadly parallel" technique in handling his recorded words so terribly destructive. He constantly wobbled between a clear-eyed recognition of the fact that the World War was an economic conflict at base, and starry-eyed demands for an idealistic solution of the enigmas it proposed. Colonel House now offers us, fifteen years after the event, an idealistic explanation of his conduct in the affair, but he betrays himself by one little word—"advantage." By uttering that word in an unguarded moment he has reopened the whole question of America's entrance into the conflict.

Was it to our advantage to enter the conflict on the side of the Allies? Any negative answers returned today must be purely hypothetical. One cannot undo past actions. But

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one can admit mistakes, revise estimates, and condemn what was demonstrably false reasoning at crucial points in the history of the country. Colonel House's reasoning was of that unreliable order. His chief was also victimized by it, but he had truer perceptions once in a while, and the words in which he recorded them will eternally plague his ghost. Confronted with a situation like the World War, it was right that the foreign policy of the United States should be controlled by considerations of advantage, not only of this country but of the world. It required no superhuman insight to recognize that the war would be a turning-point in world history. The passions it loosed became progressively more vicious as the conflict continued, and its destructiveness of those idealistic drives in human beings to which Wilson so eloquently appealed increased in geometrical ratio to the time it continued. Colonel House plainly recognized that Europe was more "insane" every time he visited it. He had his clear-eyed moments, too. Even so persistently blind a man as Walter Hines Page was appalled when he considered the material destruction the war entailed. Yet all these men—Wilson, House, Page—by some strange chemistry of thought came to believe that the only way to realize their ideals was to exacerbate the very social drives that were at the moment making their realization impossible. They became infected with the very disease they were seeking to eradicate—Page at the very moment the plague broke out, House by 1915, and Wilson, perhaps, last of all. Wilson alone of the three had any of the qualities of a physician. He alone had an idea of the proper treatment. And that treatment did not involve entering the war. Wilson's prescription was memorably phrased; it was viciously derided by those for whom it was prepared; but it stands today as the best definition of America's proper policy toward the World War. Wilson's prescription was to stay out of the war so that the United States might be in a position to use its powers disinterestedly to treat the patient once the delirium had subsided. That was realistic pacificism.

When it was abandoned in February, 1917, for House's cockeyed pacificism of force, we were shoved down the road that led us to our present debacle. It was abandoned at a time when the United States was in a position to force peace. The government was at that moment in control of a weapon which would have given it a whip hand over the Allies and driven them to the peace table—credit. In November, 1916, the Federal Reserve Board warned the bankers against converting any more short-term Allied loans into long-term loans. This gravely threatened Allied finance, and if it had continued in force it would have brought the Allies to something like a standstill. Our leaders had long been overdoing their support of the Allies by their general activities and by such specific missteps as failing firmly to contend for the Declaration of London, a mistake in judgment for which House was largely responsible. When we relinquished our position in this matter, we were tied economically to the Allies' kite. The credit situation was the final chance to escape and it was passed by with truly appalling nonchalance. When we entered the war and the burden of credit was transferred to the United States Treasury, we abandoned our last chance of freedom of action and were swallowed by the monster that spewed forth the Treaty of Versailles. Today we are in bitter opposition to the Allies over the moneys we loaned them.

House now insists that the peace we got was the best one possible to dig out of a miserable situation. He demands that we concede that Germany in 1917 had a chance of gaining as complete a victory as the Allies finally gained with our help, and so of achieving a position in the world equally dominating—something for which there is no warrant in the probabilities. He demands, finally, an admission that we gained, even at a terrible cost, some of the objects for which he and Wilson stood. One need but glance about the world to see the hollowness of this last and most important claim, for only an arrant fool would be so stupidly presumptuous as to assert that the world is today living according to the ideals for which we ostensibly fought. We did not even destroy the Prussian ruling class, for who is in control of Germany today but the old military gang?

The careers of both Wilson and House reveal a fundamental contradiction. Rather waveringly, they demanded that the vicious aspects of national and international capitalism be squashed. In the end they abandoned their principles and went over to the enemy, leaving the world with a suspicion that is growing by leaps and bounds, now that the fruits of the dereliction are so obvious, that there is no use whatever in trying to lop off diseased branches and that the only solution is to uproot the tree altogether. There is ironic justice in the fact that much of the text of Colonel House's interview-reply was printed under an advertisement for "Sold Out to Raymond's," the famous Boston firm which deals in the stocks of bankrupt stores. As one who helped to bankrupt what was potentially as strong and stirring a world outlook (at least when shorn of certain internal contradictions and some excrescences) as it is possible to develop in our system of society, and sold it to the hucksters of hatred and revenge, Colonel House must have smiled wryly at the association.

Desert Picture

By KENNETH SLADE ALLING

The shade defined on stone,
The shadow's edge on rock—
These desert lands have known
No other clock.

The hurled, hot sand abrades
The turtle's house of horn
With patterns which those blades
Of quartz have worn.

What fluid curve, what angle
Did dry death join to make
These sounding coils, this tangle
Of threatening snake?

All such consummate, hard
Designs the desert draws:
The beetle's burning shard,
The lizard's claws.

Perfection here may range
By sand and shape of salt,
And find no facile change,
No softening fault.

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An Unacademic Academy

By ERNEST BOYD

AN Irish Academy of Letters has come into being for the least academic of purposes, to wit, the protection of the intellectual freedom and integrity of Irish literature. Needless to say, this purpose has been ignored or misunderstood by writers who do not realize the dire conditions under which Irish authors labor. Thus, Mr. James Joyce declined the nomination offered him, since it is evident that what Irish indifference to literature plus the Irish censorship can do only remotely concerns a gentleman living in Paris and publishing his works for subscribers to limited editions and coterie magazines. Yet one might have thought that a writer who has suffered so much from the interference of censors, and who has relied so completely upon the support of the intellectuals, would take a less self-centered view of the problem.

In Ireland itself the situation is very different. Political and religious obsessions, coupled with poverty and the general low level of culture resulting from a preposterous and inadequate system of national education, have reduced those Irishmen of letters whose names are universally acclaimed to a position somewhat analogous to that of the radical intelligentsia in czarist Russia. Their czar is the censorship, which frowns upon heresy in every field, and the strength of that czar, like that of the Little Father, lies in the fact that the vast bulk of a peasant population is unmoved by the indignities imposed upon the free play of ideas. Since the Irish literary renaissance produced its interesting and varied flowering of talent during the past forty years, Irish literature has been driven out of Ireland. Irish writers are more and more dependent upon British and American support and criticism, and publishing, save for textbooks and works of piety, has almost ceased to exist.

Save for one quarterly, Seumas O'Sullivan's *Dublin Magazine,* no periodical of any literary or intellectual pretensions edited by laymen exists. Æ's *Irish Statesman* died, despite generous American help, for the simple reason that no group of individuals in Ireland could subsidize it, and the general public either hated it or ignored it. There is not a daily or weekly newspaper in the country above the level of the crudest provincial journalism. At one time Irish publishers could be found to sponsor the work of W. B. Yeats, Æ, James Stephens, Padraic Colum, Austin Clarke, T. C. Murray, Lennox Robinson, St. John Ervine, Brinsley Macnamara, to mention a few of the Academicians of mature age. Now they are all perforce published in England, while the newer writers, Sean O'Casey, Frank O'Connor, Liam O'Flaherty, Sean O'Faolain, F. R. Higgins, and Francis Stuart, have all been presented over an English imprint.

Furthermore, the works of the majority of the twenty-five members of the Academy have, at one time or another, been banned from Ireland by the censorship. A list of the prohibitions of this inconceivable organization makes even the Boston Watch and Ward Society seem broad-minded. Since the beginning of this year alone I have noted nearly one hundred banned volumes, by writers as diverse as Louis Bromfield and Heinrich Mann, Casanova and Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, Emile Gauvreau and H. G. Wells, Colette and John Dos Passos. I have frequently heard it argued that, in this respect, the Irish Free State is no more prudish or intolerant than Boston or the United States Customs. The truth, however, is that it is infinitely worse, and, moreover, as an isolated island the country can be definitely cut off from all access to whatever the obscurantists of the Board of Censors may decide to exclude.

It is readily seen that a motive somewhat unlike that which has inspired the creation of most academies prompted W. B. Yeats and Bernard Shaw to found the Irish Academy of Letters. And if any further proof of the necessity for their action is needed, it will be found in the attitude of the Irish press, both in Ireland and in this country, toward this new institution. The usual gibes occur monotonously, to the effect that the Academicians are not Irish because they write in English. Mr. de Valera's mouthpiece, the *Irish Press,* discovered that the writers were chosen "more as a result of their success in Britain and America than because of any reflection in their published works of the real Ireland." Opposition to the censorship, the same paper sapiently remarked, is no proof of literary excellence. There are, it appears, "a philosophy of life and conduct and an appreciation of moral values" in Ireland which mark that country off from the rest of this sinful world.

Since his arrival in this country Mr. Yeats has been trying to explain to those who care to listen that the Irish Academy is a weapon of intellectual self-defense, the only weapon available to Irishmen in Ireland today. The country which appealed to the intellectuals of the world for help and sympathy, and which received both, now seems bent upon stifling all manifestations of freedom of thought. As the original letter of invitation expressed it:

> There is in Ireland an official censorship, possessing and actively exercising powers of suppression which may at any moment confine an Irish author to the British and American market, and thereby make it impossible for him to live by distinctive Irish literature.
>
> As our votes are counted by dozens instead of thousands, and are therefore negligible, and as no election can ever turn on our grievances, our sole defense lies in the authority of our utterance. This, at least, is by no means negligible, for in Ireland there is still a deep respect for intellectual and poetic quality. In so far as we represent that quality we can count on a consideration beyond all proportion to our numbers, but we cannot exercise our influence unless we have an organ through which we can address the public, or appeal collectively and unanimously to the government.
>
> We must therefore found an Academy of Belles Lettres. Will you give us your name as one of the founder-members?

Paradoxical, like so many Irish phenomena when viewed by the outsider, the Irish Academy is, therefore, an academic body which seeks to enlist and deserves the support of all men of letters who value independence. The Irish Academy of Letters is unacademic. What could be more Irish?

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Dissenting Opinion

Nudes and the Law

THIS past week has been a tough one for the human body. Three separate governmental arms have reached out to cover it up. In a pleasant little suburban home a movie was taken of the children. The new camera was used for the delight of the parents and the later shock of the children. The negatives were sent to the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester for development. The celluloid snake flowed through the baths, passing from sheer black into gray backgrounds with figures of shining nude bodies of boys and girls. I don't know at just which stage of the process the austere developers of the company rushed into the sanctum of the president to protest. But a letter was mailed to the little suburban home declaring that the great company of Eastman did not dare develop such obscene films. The anxious parents were advised that the Post Office Department of the United States of America had ruled that the mailing of such films was a crime.

A bookdealer on Wall Street, New York City, bought some copies of "Let's Go Naked," published by the highly reputable firm of Brentano's. This is a gay and dignified narrative about the nudist movement. The volume contained a score of photographs. Copies of "Let's Go Naked" were displayed in the store window. A policeman saw the pictures. Behind his broad back crouched John S. Sumner of the Vice Society. Without a warrant the cop seized the books, arrested the bookdealer, and filed a criminal charge for displaying obscene and indecent pictures. No complaint was made against the sale of the book. The judge at the first hearing indicated that he and the attorney for the bookseller and even Mr. Sumner would not be hurt by seeing pictures of the human body; but how about all the children who would be corrupted by such a sight? The case is still open. The bookseller may escape jail merely because school children do not saunter by 79 Wall Street.

An independent movie producer presented to the censor of the State of New York a seven-reel film entitled "This Naked Age," which shows the activities of nudist camps in the Catskills, France, and Germany. The film was taken with delicacy, or rather in such a manner that the genitalia are never seen. Many of the snaps are beautiful. There is considerable display of buttock. To that the censor of the Empire State could not demur. But the women in the swimming and play scenes are equipped with breasts. Down swung the heavy arm of the State of New York. "That picture may not be displayed." Thereupon the National Board of Review, in its campaign against censorship, invited a hundred of the most respectable of New York educators, doctors, ministers, and just plain citizens to a private showing. A vote was taken. It was 100 per cent in favor of the picture. The censor is now in a tough spot. He has, in effect, called these hundred persons indecent, lewd, and lascivious. Moreover, if the case is pressed, he will have to allege that the brown breasts in "Tabu" and "Moana" are not so corrupting and degrading as the white breasts of the American, French, and German maidens.

It was a silly week.

MORRIS L. ERNST

In the Driftway

AMERICAN cooking is suffering from a generation of neglect and dispraise. Yet it cannot be said too dogmatically, too bellicosely, that—if you pick it right—no other cooking in the world is so toothsome, so inspiring, so truly a revelation from on high. Admittedly good American cooking is hard to get. In Europe the best food generally is obtainable in public eating-places. The best American cooking is to be found in private homes, rarely in restaurants. Also the best American cooking survives chiefly in the smaller cities and the country districts, not in the great metropolitan centers. What chance is there for American cooking in our great cities? Generally the immigrant brings a good, sometimes a superlative, cookery from his native land, but in the passion to become naturalized he discards it for what he thinks is American cooking, without having learned in fact either to appreciate or to produce it. In the average restaurant in New York City avowedly presenting American cooking the proprietor is a native of Kiev or Athens, the chef an Italian or a German, the waiter an ex-riding master born of English parents in Buenos Aires. The only American attribute is the placard over the cashier's desk saying "No Checks Cashed."

* * * * *

TO savor American cooking in any adequate way one needs to make a tour of the country, for although there are some nationally known dishes of merit, the ones to rave about are the regional products. The epicures of the country (may their tribe increase!) have been waiting for someone to gather the best of the regional recipes and make them available to all. This has just been done by Sheila Hibben in her "National Cookbook."* It will now be possible to surprise a household in Louisiana some Saturday night with the molasses-laden fragrance emanating from a platter of baked beans and the savory steam of a Boston brown bread floating upward from the table like pious incense. On the Sabbath Day a good Massachusetts family may be startled—and delighted—by the appearance of a huge bowl of jambalaya, the traditional Sunday-morning breakfast served on Mississippi River steamboats since paddle wheels began to turn.

* * * * *

BETWEEN the lines of the book is a social history of the United States, of which Mrs. Hibben is aware, although she does not obtrude the fact. "I am not inclined to deprecate the patriotic significance of this collection of recipes," she says, "but patriotism has only been incidental—a by-product, so to speak, of a serious culinary work." As a Southern woman, the author takes a praiseworthy stand in favor of hot bread. The Drifter knows of a Southern gentleman who suffered from indigestion during an entire winter spent in the North. His health was restored immediately upon returning home, and he explained his previous illness on the ground that his stomach "got chilled by so much cold bread."

* "The National Cookbook." By Sheila Hibben. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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THE Drifter blesses Mrs. Hibben for including potato soup made with milk (cream of potato restaurants would call it if they served it, but they don't), though for bouillabaisse he prefers the recipe of the historic St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans. It calls for the use not just of red snapper but also of redfish. The combination of the two produces a chowder of such delectable bouquet that Thackeray is said to have declared the bouillabaisse of New Orleans superior to that of Marseilles. Mrs. Hibben says lye hominy is still obtainable—with difficulty—in Georgia. As a boy the Drifter ate this ambrosia of the gods (whole kernels of corn boiled in a solution of wood ashes until the hulls come off, and then washed) prepared by the Indians of South Dakota. And South Dakota is the one State in the Union to which Mrs. Hibben attributes no American dish! The "National Cookbook" contains a recipe for sweet-potato pie but none for squash pie, although the sole claim of Boston to the intellectual leadership of the country rests upon its appreciation of squash for pastry as against pumpkin. But such trifling oversights are nothing by comparison with what the book includes. One wishes for a dozen stomachs and a hundred years to try the lot: Hopping John, ole koeks, Pennsylvania Christmas loaf, pigeons in corn meal, barbecued lamb, fresh green-corn cakes *made without flour*—food without end. Oh, boy! THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Help for Brookwood

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The undersigned urgently appeal to all friends of workers' education to come to the aid of Brookwood Labor College. Brookwood must raise not less than $10,000 in the next two months if this outstanding educational project is to carry on through this, its twelfth school year.

Food for the mentally and spiritually starved American workers is as necessary in this crisis as food for the physically starved. Appeals are constantly being made for generous contributions to social agencies which are engaged in "character-building" or "faith-restoring" activities. We submit that no activity can be more important than that of a labor college giving to workers themselves the vision of a new world and some comprehension of the means by which it may be achieved.

Since its founding in 1921 Brookwood has made an outstanding contribution. In every section of the country its graduates are giving creditable, in some instances noteworthy, service to labor, progressive, and radical movements—in unions, labor colleges, cooperatives, labor political organizations, unemployed leagues. It has given inspiration and help, has been a rallying center, for other workers' education enterprises, such as summer schools and local labor colleges and classes. The members of its staff have written books and pamphlets which are used throughout the workers' education movement. The need for more such material is keenly felt. Through extension classes and lecture services the school reaches each year thousands of workers who cannot take a residential course.

Brookwood now faces a formidable task in raising the budget required to enable it to keep its doors open for this year. The size of the student body has been reduced. Drastic cuts have been made in the budget. Students and faculty are prepared to make still further cuts to the absolute limit, if the minimum required to keep the enterprise going can but be raised. For the most part, however, workers and workers' organizations cannot give now, though in the past they have contributed to Brookwood sums aggregating many thousand dollars. We therefore call upon all friends of education, all who believe in the crucial importance of developing an effective and intelligent labor movement in this country, to respond—immediately, enthusiastically, generously—to Brookwood's present appeal for funds. Contributions should be sent to A. J. Muste, Brookwood Labor College, Katonah, N. Y.

JOHN DEWEY, EDWARD C. LINDEMAN, OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, SINCLAIR LEWIS, STUART CHASE, and the other members of a sponsoring committee of about eighty educators, labor officials, editors, authors, and publicists.

New York, November 21

Social Credit

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of November 2 is an editorial in which you make the statement that "not a single economist in the world, to our knowledge, predicted the present depression—that is, told when it would occur, and how appalling its depth and extent would be." This statement is not correct. There is one economist who predicted the depression thirteen years ago. Not only did he predict the depression but he explained what it was which would make the industrial system collapse in all civilized countries, that is, the fact that purchasing power distributed during one cycle of production is never sufficient to buy the total of that production. He also prescribed a remedy, and if the world is to make a permanent recovery it will have to adopt some plan such as he outlined. This economist is Major C. H. Douglas, and his proposals are known as Social Credit.

As for the reason that economists are not consulted or that their proposals are not adopted, might I point out that in the case of Social Credit a censorship has been applied by the press of all countries. You perhaps know and recognize the forces which were responsible for the suppression in America of Douglas's early writings, culminating in the destruction of the plates of one of his books. Finance and its friends know that there is little to fear from Socialists and Communists, but they recognize a real menace to their supremacy when it appears, and make every attempt to halt the spread of dangerous doctrines.

Toronto, November 5 C. V. KERSLAKE

Concerning Randolph Bourne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: For some time I have been engaged in the collection of material for a book about the late Randolph Bourne, critic and publicist. He was a hero to a good many of us whose adolescence coincided with the end of the war, and I should be deeply grateful if readers of *The Nation* who knew him would share their recollections with me.

The point of view with which I approach this study may be gathered from the article, Bourne into Myth, in the October *Bookman*. At the time it was written I was unacquainted with Horace Gregory's poem, Salvos for Randolph Bourne, which appeared in *The Nation*. It is the most brilliant single piece about Bourne that I have encountered. Mr. Dos Passos also did nobly by him recently in his "1919."

My address is 48 Spruce Street, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

Milo, Maine, November 7 DOROTHY TEALL

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Books, Drama, Architecture

Boy Sowing

By FRANCES FROST

With a windy sigh the mountains have taken storm
into their hollows, and the furrowed field,
whereon your sowing falls,
receives the penetrating verticals
of rain, as they were seed from a warm heaven
given in timeless and tempestuous need.

The kernels of the harvest you release
toward the wet slope, take root in you and seize
roughly your naked nerves,
binding you closer to the leafy rust
of long-inherited and diminished years,
to earth that comforted your early tears.

Inherently your heart's equivalent
and last companion of your weary dust,
the loam awaits your final homecoming:
your curved lips will be bent
upon the furrows like a graven wing,
and all the soft rains of your seeding spent.

Technique Is Not Enough

The Twentieth-Century Novel. By Joseph Warren Beach. The Century Company. $3.50.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Beach brought out a study of Henry James's method and technique which remains the standard treatment of this difficult subject. It is with a great deal of legitimate eagerness, therefore, that one turns to Mr. Beach's new and more ambitious work, in which he attempts to cover the entire field of the contemporary novel. But one has not got much beyond the first sentence of the first paragraph before one realizes the dangers of the narrow limitation that Mr. Beach has placed on himself. His purpose, he announces, is not to offer a general critical survey of the field, but "a study in the evolution of novelistic technique."

This evolution Mr. Beach traces largely in terms of the disappearance of the novelist from the pages of his novel. The earlier novelists, from Fielding to Meredith, were in the habit of injecting their own personalities and views into their works. Many of them actually interrupted the flow of their narratives to present their ideas of philosophy, social reform, or psychology. Opposed to this tendency there developed toward the close of the nineteenth century, largely through French influences, an ideal of impersonal order and selectiveness, an ideal which culminated in what Mr. Beach calls "the well-made novel." Here, however, begins a certain difficulty. For Mr. Beach sometimes refers to "the well-made novel" as if it were a special phenomenon that emerged some time around the year 1885, sometimes with the admission that certain novels written before that date—those of Jane Austen and of Dickens for example—were finely enough put together to deserve the label. As a standard or ideal, therefore, "the well-made novel" becomes something so general, so incompletely defined, so widely fluctuating, that it loses any fixed meaning. (". . . all rules of construction hold good only for novels which are copies of other novels," remarks Lawrence in the recent "Letters." "A book which is not a copy of other books has its own construction, and what he calls faults . . . I call characteristics.") Yet it is clear enough why some such standard (which, incidentally, is indicated first as a desirable artistic ideal and then as a frightful bugaboo) is necessary to Mr. Beach, to the academic critic who must at all costs find directions, tendencies, and reactions to round out his scheme. For the second half of this book treats of the reaction against "the well-made novel" on the part of various experimental schools and writers, whose proper classification gives Mr. Beach endless scope for his passion for pasting labels. "Impressionism," "imagism," "post-impressionism," "expressionism," "discontinuity," "contrapuntalism"—these are only a few, so that following Mr. Beach's tour through the novel is very much like having a nightmare of a pharmacist's back room. If the distinctions made between these schools are sometimes bewildering, the effort to squeeze certain writers within their terms is enough to make the reader positively distraught. There is, for example, the case of Joseph Conrad. According to his place in the scheme, Conrad illustrates the process of *deformalization* in modern fiction, the protest against the well-made novel. But when Mr. Beach analyzes certain specific works by Conrad he emphasizes above all else certain elements of form which this author took over from Henry James, surely the grand master of "the well-made novel"!

But distortion and contradiction are only incidental results of the essential mistake of taking a purely technical approach to anything so complex as the novel, of considering its form absolutely distinct from its substance. The inevitable danger of concentrating solely on ingenuities of mechanical technique is of course to become interested in these things for their own sake. But a greater danger, especially for the academic critic, is that such a method leads to an increasing indifference to all values in a work except those which relate specifically to his plan. Like the historical critic, who tends to ignore everything in an author that cannot be explained in terms of his time (so that a third-rate author may often become more important to him than a first-rate one in the same period), the so-called aesthetic critic tends to suspend any final judgments on an author considered as an artist instead of a mere craftsman. Certainly Mr. Beach gives scant attention to final values. The catholicity of his taste in fiction is marvelous: he will mention "Anna Karenina," "Vanity Fair," "Kristin Lavransdatter," and "Manhattan Transfer" all in the same breath! His admiration for Thomas Mann is matched only by his fondness for Robert Louis Stevenson, whom he defends against highbrow critics who prefer "a gloomy outlook and religious unbelief." In fact, Mr. Beach likes anyone who offers him an opportunity to exercise his powers of technical analysis. And the exercise of these powers seems to include a complete exemption from the statement of any ultimate critical values.

Perhaps the best example of all this confusion and evasion is to be seen in the chapter on Lawrence. Here clearly is a novelist whose "technique," since it is always indistinguishable from his material, offers little to the purely technical critic. The result is that after briefly dubbing him an "impressionist" Mr. Beach is forced to fall back on a discussion of Lawrence's subjects and themes. But since such a discussion naturally leads to some judgment of Lawrence as a writer and thinker, and since Mr. Beach patently does not wish to enter the field of such judgments, his embarrassment causes him to make a series of unresolved statements. "Meredith is as notoriously 'sound' as Lawrence is notoriously 'morbid' " (p. 369). "For a large proportion of what is called morbid in him—whether morbid or not—is the regular accompaniment of the relation between any two individuals . . ." (p. 376). "Not content with the

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'sublimation' of art, he must also further satisfy his unfulfilled emotional life by taking on him the mantle of a prophet. But we can surely forgive him for making the mistake, if it is a mistake [*sic*], of Wordsworth and Shelley" (p. 380). Very well, then, Mr. Beach "forgives" Lawrence. But where precisely does Mr. Beach stand on the question of Lawrence's value as an artist and thinker? Is he merely unsure, or can it be that he is a little afraid to commit himself?

For a writer so obsessed with form and order in the works of others, Mr. Beach is not very attentive to these virtues in his own book. If its approach prevents it from being valuable as a critical treatment of the field, its cumbersome length makes it inconvenient as a ready guide through the mazes of contemporary narrative technique. This is unfortunate, since one or the other type of study is badly in need of being written at present. But if Mr. Beach's book fails by being too plainly a hastily assembled hodge-podge of uncorrelated analyses, half-formed judgments, and elementary lecture notes, it is not without certain sections of value and interest to the patient reader. The analysis of James's method is as absorbing as when it first appeared; the chapter on Galsworthy is excellent; and the historical résumé of subjectivism is the most complete that has been done. While the book as a whole is a disappointment, both in relation to its subject and to its author, it is a quarry in which some very good things will be found along with the bad.

WILLIAM TROY

Swinburne and the Moderns

Swinburne: A Literary Biography. By Georges Lafourcade. William Morrow and Company. $4.

SO much that is actually true of Swinburne has a mythical quality that it was inevitable that a new conception of him as a less elfin and more weighty person would be offered. Dr. Lafourcade is an advocate of this view of the poet and he paints the new portrait by a method that, for all his wide and careful scholarship, is not entirely ingenuous. The "elfin" conception of Swinburne has considerable truth; it depends, however, upon detail and incident, and the design of Dr. Lafourcade's book, which does not aim to be definitive, seems to have created exigencies of space which preclude much detail. And when Swinburne's friendships—with Jowett, Whistler, Ada Menken, Rossetti, Meredith, Simeon Solomon, and many others—are given merely in sketchy and incomplete summary, these strangely diverse friends become merely the distinguished "circle" of a famous poet, whereas actually they were people with whom Swinburne had unusual and often fierce contacts. When Dr. Lafourcade glosses over the details of Swinburne's quarrels—he was a volcano of pitiless invective when irritated—we get merely literary controversies, not the important fact of Swinburne's mad irresponsibility of utterance. And when most of the fascinating and well-attested anecdotes are suppressed—Swinburne correcting Jowett's "Plato" while the Master corrected an undergraduate's Greek in the next room and bore meekly the cries of "Another howler, Master!"; or Watts-Dunton first coming on Swinburne dancing naked and red-headed before a mirror—we can only feel that between Swinburne's early life and the hospitalization under Watts-Dunton at Putney there was no essential difference.

This portrait, which is hard to accept and hard to refute because it is so much a matter of implication and selection, is not the result of any prudish desire of Dr. Lafourcade's to whitewash Swinburne. Indeed, he is perhaps the frankest writer on the nature of Swinburne's (not very great) sexual abnormality. But Dr. Lafourcade believes that Swinburne is a highly relevant and modern poet. And since we today take our literature more solemnly than the Victorians and are less tolerant of romantic irresponsibility, it serves his critical opinion to present a serious rather than an elfin Swinburne.

It is, however, difficult to see how Dr. Lafourcade can maintain this critical opinion. Of the aspects of Swinburne that excited the men of 1867 and made his poetry a "deliverance," as Ernest Rhys called it, very few are still exciting. Of his once startling verse technique some devices have passed anonymously into the tradition of poetry, but it is Kipling who is the chief legatee of the heritage. Of his political ideas and their fervor little remains to move us; the romantic nationalism of Mazzini, which inspired him, was in itself too vague and verbosely poetic to withstand the verbosity of a not very clear poet.

But it is for another aspect of Swinburne that Dr. Lafourcade claims modernity—his kinship with Gide, Proust, Lawrence, Joyce, and Huxley, especially as found in his "Lesbia Brandon," "Love's Cross Currents," "Simeon Solomon's 'Vision of Love,'" and "Poems and Ballads." The list can scarcely be called representative of Swinburne: the first two items are novels, the first unpublished, the second rather brash and trivial; the third is an essay on some pictures; and the fourth is but a small, if important, part of the poetical canon. One supposes, from the tenor of these works, that Dr. Lafourcade finds the connection between Swinburne and the moderns to lie in their common recognition of the cruel and perverse aspects of love. But one has only to quote from the essay on Solomon, "the delicious thirst and subtle ravin of sensual hunger for blood," to see how far Swinburne is from the moderns in his understanding of "evil." For they see it psychologically and related to the entire personality and moral action (and thus are in the tradition of Baudelaire, on whom Swinburne drew), while Swinburne sees it in a fabulous vacuum or in a haze of Black Mass flummery that is quite irrelevant to the modern mind.

LIONEL TRILLING

Mr. Hillyer Tries Fiction

Riverhead. By Robert Hillyer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IN this first novel of his, Mr. Hillyer leaves one in considerable doubt concerning the seriousness of his intentions. Realism wrestles with symbolism to no decision, and there are moments when the bout is positively rowdy. If the book is meant to be a travesty of the confusion in contemporary romanticism, that would explain the otherwise pointless jumble of lyric moods, melodrama, idealism, satire, and plain burlesque. The narrative takes Paul Sharon on a canoe trip to visit his godfather at a riverhead, and brings him back again. Sharon is a poet on the verge of thirty, impractical and vacillating; because of his inability to face any problem squarely he has lost opportunities for advancement and alienated his fiancee, Alix Cogswell. During the voyage upstream he meets Alix, who is now engaged to marry a comically villainous fortune-hunter; encounters the woman whom he believes to be his mother, although she is actually his aunt; becomes acquainted with Charlie and Maizie, whose brows are quite low; and attends a camp-meeting conducted by Blue Jimmy, a howling evangelist. Reaching his destination, he is admonished by his godfather, Mr. Fiat, who tells him that his troubles have been caused by his indecision, provides him with a bundle of blank checks on a mysterious fund analogous to Balzac's *peau de chagrin,* and dismisses him with a blessing. On the return trip Sharon engages in fisticuffs with Blue Jimmy and disgraces him before a sneering crowd, starts Charlie and Maizie on the road to affluence by giving them $2,000 with which to buy a farm, refuses his aunt's invitation to lead an idle life at fashionable resorts, and carries Alix off.

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A technical error in motivation vitiates the moral of the tale. Sharon's regeneration is factitious, inasmuch as his godfather's gift permits a weak will to retreat behind an apparently secure bulwark of independence. This mistake of Mr. Hillyer's also destroys the validity of what might have been a poignant and crucial situation—the final interview between Sharon and his aunt. Each character is a symbol of something nebulous, with the exception of Mr. Fiat, who is patently God the Father, living in retirement from a world in which he has lost interest. The allegory reminds one very faintly of the fantasies of Nathaniel Hawthorne, but it is unfortunately wanting in the grace and charm of its prototypes. Admirers of Mr. Hillyer's poetry will pounce with delight on many an evocative phrase, but they will be frequently puzzled by carelessness in the use of words, by crudities in taste, and by slapstick scenes that would not be out of place in a pulp magazine. Coming from a writer of Mr. Hillyer's prestige, the book is a bewildering performance.

RAY C. B. BROWN

Anglo-Saxon Conscience

Hands as Bands. By C. T. Revere. Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. $2.

JUSTIN SHERRILL has a typical Anglo-Saxon conscience—not strong enough to keep him from doing things but sufficiently strong to keep him from enjoying them. By conscience I mean nothing abstruse—I mean merely his inner appreciation of his acts and emotions on the one hand, and his views and background on the other. Although he has an even and kindly disposition, yet by the use of money and the glamor of his business success he purposefully seduces an innocent girl—that is, a girl who has never before been seduced. He has a comfortable home, attractive children, and a wife devoted, conscientious, simple, and amazingly credulous. He has the confidence of friends and business associates. This isn't enough. He has to get himself into a mess. After he has accomplished his purpose with the girl, and normal biological complications threaten disaster, his love cools. He thinks more of his difficulties than of her sufferings, neglects her, fears exposure and blackmail, contemplates murder and suicide, and then by slow stages and a little money, eases his way out.

Altogether Justin is a low-down, contemptible cad. The only trouble is that he is pretty much like the rest of us. When he has peace, he wants excitement; when he has excitement, he wants peace. He would naturally be condemned by everybody; by the respectable because he is a "libertine," by the others because of his cowardice and inability to take life whole-heartedly. He cannot do so. He is just a normal Anglo-Saxon.

In the ordinary novel one's sympathy would turn to the seduced and deserted sweetheart or to the neglected wife, although she should have known that married men make poor husbands. No doubt the women deserve sympathy. But "Hands as Bands" presents the triangle from the viewpoint of the man. One understands his reactions and feels for and with him.

To a rationalist the faults of Sherrill and the others are those of our civilization rather than of the individual. After all, Sherrill worked hard, provided generously for his family, and for the girl while he loved her. In a rational society he might have been honest with everybody and avoided the complications and nervous breakdown that almost drove him to suicide. But our standards are such that to many death seems the only solution of a triangular emotional situation.

C. T. Revere, the author, is a member of a well-known brokerage firm. His manner of writing is straightforward rather than subtle, but he has told an absorbing story from a fresh point of view.

ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

Shorter Notices

The Journal of Arnold Bennett: 1911-1920. The Viking Press. $4.

The second volume of Arnold Bennett's journal is as interesting as the first. In it, as in the earlier volume, he keeps a punctilious record of how much he wrote, how much he was paid for writing it, whom he saw of the great and the non-great, and what a writer thinks about. This volume of the journal includes an American visit and the war years, during which Bennett gallantly engaged in suitable propaganda for the Empire. But whatever he was doing, he was always a writer, always a novelist. It might be an excellent idea to make the three volumes of this journal, when the last one appears, required reading for all young persons bitten with the desire to be an author. For here was an author, and a successful one, who made not only fame for himself but fortune; and surely no man ever worked harder or more faithfully at his chosen occupation. Only a brilliantly gifted writer could have made a day-by-day narrative as absorbing as this one is.

Here Are My Children. By Mona Goodwyn Williams. The Mohawk Press. $2.

"Here Are My Children" is a deeply felt and eloquently told story of the twisted strands of fate that chain the Kennards to each other and to their separate destinies. As a first novel it has much to commend it. If it fails to be more than an inspired portrait of human suffering, it is because Mona Williams is unable to see her characters and their tortuous problems with the necessary critical detachment. Perhaps it was this emotional partisanship that blinded her to the danger of achieving certain effects through melodrama which could have been more convincingly accomplished through restraint and discriminating understatement. It would certainly have heightened the literary value of her novel if she had resisted the temptation to introduce a *deus ex machina* whenever she was confronted with the necessity for creating a dramatic situation that would throw the "personality-pattern" of her characters into high relief. The destruction of the Kennard dry-goods store by fire is an ineffective and wholly purposeless piece of sensationalism. Papa Kennard's attempted suicide serves no other end than to give Miss Williams an opportunity to describe, as she does so well, the slow disintegration of his will-to-live. Stephen's ride to death over an embankment—coming at a time when there is hardly any excuse for it—strikes a distressingly ungenuine note.

Machete. By Charles Merriam. The Southwest Press. $2.

A sprightly autobiographical account of an American's experiences on a Tehuantepec sugar plantation where the duties of a medico gradually devolve upon him. Simply and sympathetically written, the book suffers the inevitable comparison with Flandrau's classic of life on a coffee plantation in the same state—Oaxaca. Its first-hand sketches of primitive *mores* have value as source material on Mexican life.

As We Are. By E. F. Benson. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

The larger part of this sequel to Mr. Benson's "As We Were" is concerned with the change in the habits and point of view of the English aristocracy since the end of the last century. Mr. Benson tries not to take sides; he does not hide the stodginess that marked the old sense of responsibility and decorum or, on the other hand, the civilized decency that marks the laxness of the new freedom; but it is evident that his sympathies are in the main with the old. The method of "As

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We Are" prevents it from being as good a social document as its predecessor, for the "parable" of the Buryan family, by which Mr. Benson attempts to indicate the tendency of the whole aristocratic class, falls between the stools of generalization and concreteness—it is not quite social history and not quite a novel. One was able to draw conclusions with far greater confidence from the random personal reminiscences of "As We Were." The biographical sketches which help fill out this volume do not approach in insight and charm those of the earlier book, and the chapter on modern literature, though often shrewd, is not very important.

Criminals and Politicians. By Denis Tilden Lynch. The Macmillan Company. $2.

It is a wonder we are all alive and not poorer even than we are. After reading Mr. Lynch's book one shudders at the back fire of a taxi; one trembles at the thought of the rum fleet running in defiance of all international rules, without riding lights, its land radio stations refusing to get off the air even for storm signals; also one marvels that when one sends a shirt to the laundry it ever comes back, and that the racketeers of the rival dry-cleaners have not ruined all one's garments in the course of their squabbles. Mr. Lynch tells in detail how the public pays and pays and why. Of all the cities run by racketeers New York seems to be the worst, with Chicago a close second. A few cities are peacefully and virtuously free from any racketeering of importance, because in those cities policemen, not being dictated to by politicians, are willing to arrest gunmen, and have the assurance that after they do so a corrupt attorney's office will not see that the criminals are released in the name of habeas corpus. Mr. Lynch's book is an interesting handbook of recent corruption.

Our Obsolete Constitution. By William Kay Wallace. The John Day Company. $2.

Mr. Wallace argues that the present Constitution of the United States has become an anachronism. Since he believes that it cannot be adjusted to the needs of modern industrial society by a mere process of piecemeal amendment, he calls for a constitutional convention to draft an entirely new constitution, and lays down the general principles which should be followed if not only political but economic freedom is to be insured to the individual. Mr. Wallace's book is propaganda in a very urgent cause, but this is far, of course, from being the first time that the idea of a new constitution has been broached. It was proposed over a decade ago by William MacDonald in his book "A New Constitution for a New America," and since the advent of the depression has been urged by a number of journalists.

The French Revolution. By Pierre Gaxotte. Translated and with an Introduction by Walter Alison Phillips. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

This is an extremely partisan view of the French Revolution; and, in fact, it can have no value to the general public save as an exhibition of the French Monarchist position. The brilliance of the writing and the carefully maintained urbanity of tone lull suspicion during the reading, but on finishing the book one is left with the most preposterous conclusions: that the reign of Louis XIV was an unalloyed golden age; that the enormous debts his extravagance and military adventures rolled up were not the product of his policies; that the opinions of Voltaire, Rousseau, and the encyclopedists proceeded from human perversity and were not a reflection of social and economic conditions; that the French people became revolutionary not because they had grievances but because human masses are essentially corrupt and will exhibit baseness when granted an opportunity; that the ruling classes showed weakness not as the outcome of their ease, economic functionlessness, and extravagance, but because they had become corrupted by philosophy; that the revolutionary leaders were all either ambitious renegades from the upper classes or men of low class and therefore of low character; that France, since the downfall of legitimist monarchy, has become feeble and uncivilized; and that there was more intellectual freedom under the monarchy than there has been under the republic.

Bloody Years. By Francis Yeats-Brown. The Viking Press. $2.75.

The second volume of reminiscence by the Bengal Lancer whose "Lives" was so widely praised and widely read opens up a new field of adventure. Major Yeats-Brown was captured early in the war, while attempting to cut the telegraph line between Constantinople and Bagdad. During his imprisonment he made various attempts to escape, finally succeeding a short time before the Armistice. One is impressed by the fact that the Major seems to have had more money as a prisoner of war than most people have while free. Precisely why the telegraph line should have been cut at a place where it could be promptly repaired is not made clear, and there are several questions of this sort raised by the book but not answered by it. "Bloody Years" is chiefly valuable for what it reveals of the psychology of the English officers, of their attitude toward the war, of their captors, and of the political intrigues of the Balkan countries.

Martin the Goose Boy. By Marie Barringer. Illustrated by Maud and Miska Petersham. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

Martin, the tiny wooden goose boy carved by Gustel's grandfather in the Black Forest, is confidant and playfellow of Gustel and Rudy. He is a sort of German Pinocchio, a lovable wooden rascal who proves to be, after all, the savior of the family fortunes. Throughout his story one senses the tick of the cuckoo clock in the making, the living influence of wooden toys and forest animals, the healthful and simple life of the German peasants. The chapter telling how Bimbli the goat, with Martin's help, made Christmas doubly festive for the Kinderheim boys is especially appealing.

Drama

Passion in Evening Dress

"FIREBIRD" (Empire Theater) represents the triumph of manner over matter. In a season rich with profound and significant drama one might be inclined to regret the expenditure of so much skill upon material so dubious, but in a year as lean as the present it behooves one to be grateful for what one can get, and to proclaim that "Firebird" stands out by virtue of its suave and polished performance. Its glamor may be glamor of a somewhat easy kind, but it is glamor nevertheless.

The scene is Budapest, where—in fiction at least—the grand manner still reigns. One kisses the hand of a mere acquaintance with an abandon which an Anglo-Saxon could hardly achieve in approaching the object of his grandest grand passion, and from that on one works up to gestures whose eloquence defies description. The merest police commissioner is master of a courtliness which any ordinary ambassador might envy, and life proceeds with a general elegance sure to make even the humblest spectator feel that he has at least a red ribbon across the immaculate bosom of his well-starched shirt. It is a pleasure to be in company so good, a privilege to participate in passions at once so elevated and so chic. One may suspect that

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the pleasure is essentially the same as that enjoyed by the devotees of nursemaid literature who revel in the doings of those gold-plated dukes and diamond-incrusted duchesses who haunt the pages of the paper-backs, but if Lajos Zilahy (author of "Firebird") can make us believe what Charlotte M. Braeme cannot, then Zilahy deserves our gratitude. The pleasure is real even if it is a little embarrassing in retrospect.

As the curtain goes up, a very elegant lady is descending the stairs of a very elegant apartment house. Suddenly her way is blocked by an impressive young gentleman sprung up from nowhere. The lady retreats a step, and the gentleman presses forward. Then, with his nose almost touching hers, he loosens the flood of his eloquence. She does not know him but he adores her. Her Excellency is, indeed, a denizen of another world. But love will not be denied, and she must come to his room. Steps are then heard approaching. The young man disappears; His Excellency enters, and life flows smoothly on as though no ripple had disturbed its surface. From this beginning one guesses in a general way what one is in for, and one is not wrong. By Anglo-Saxon standards it is highly improbable, but one is willing to believe that such things happen—in Budapest. And one is all the more ready to believe it in view of the fact that all the parties concerned seem convinced that it is happening to them. Judith Anderson gives a really superb performance as the lady who must hide her emotions; Henry Stephenson is all that one could ask for as His Excellency; and the entire production is a model of shrewdness and suavity. Even the surprise ending really surprised me in spite of the fact that one familiar with the drama as written by, let us say, Henri Bernstein, ought to have guessed it all along.

During the last two or three years no other manager has been so fortunate as Mr. Miller in the matter of producing hits. He seems to have an almost uncanny knack of knowing what his public will want and an equally uncanny skill in creating exactly the atmosphere appropriate to the kind of play he chooses. Under the circumstances one cannot help wishing that he would be a little more adventurous, that he would not confine himself to those plays which can be compendiously described as polite entertainment. It would be a pleasure to see what he could do with a drama in which the surface was not all-important. But if he will not make the effort, then we can only continue to be grateful for the admirable way in which he presents the kind of thing to which he is pleased to devote himself.

The elaborate operetta "The Dubarry" (Cohan Theater) rejoices in the presence of Miss Grace Moore, and it is positively startling to hear quite ordinary light music sung with such full-throated ease. One is accustomed in operetta either to shrieks or whispers, to not hearing very well or to wishing that one did not, but Miss Moore has a voice which has been proved adequate to grand opera, and anyone who would like to hear an operetta sung as he has probably never heard one sung before will find "The Dubarry" worth visiting for that purpose alone. Unfortunately, however, that is about all that one can say in favor of a glittering and costly but wholly undistinguished work. The company is large, the settings are sumptuous, and the costumes brilliant. The book, on the other hand, is about as plodding, as unimaginative, and as vulgar as anything could well be. The romance is directed straight at the heads of those who get their ideas about such things from feature stories in Sunday editions of the yellow press, and the comic relief—probably supplied in this country—is as uninspired as a burlesque show. Miss Moore can hardly be proud of her surroundings.

The Civic Repertory Theater has called my attention to the fact that Miss Le Gallienne's interpretation of "Camille" should not have been spoken of as "following" that of Miss Lillian Gish. "Camille" was played at the Civic Repertory during the season of 1930-31.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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Gilbert Miller presents
PAULINE LORD *in*
THE LATE
CHRISTOPHER BEAN
with WALTER CONNOLLY
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JUDITH ANDERSON in
FIREBIRD *with* HENRY STEPHENSON
"Judith Anderson gives a superb performance. Firebird is glamorous." —*Joseph Wood Krutch, "The Nation."*
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The Nation's Radio Hour
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DINNER AT EIGHT. Music Box Theater. Trick melodrama about what happened to the various guests invited to a dinner party. The general public likes it very much better than I do.

THE DU BARRY. George M. Cohan Theater. Reviewed this week.

FIREBIRD. Empire Theater. Reviewed this week.

I LOVED YOU WEDNESDAY. Sam Harris Theater. Fluffy but amusing and polite comedy about speakeasy love.

MADEMOISELLE. Playhouse. Alice Brady and Grace George make a sentimental comedy pleasant enough.

MUSIC IN THE AIR. Alvin Theater. Pleasant operetta with music by Jerome Kern and a book rather better than average.

SUCCESS STORY. Maxine Elliott Theater. What happened to a radical when he rose in business. The best drama of the season.

THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN. Henry Miller Theater. Light comedy from the French completely rewritten by Sidney Howard and charmingly played by Pauline Lord and others. All things considered, it is much the most enjoyable comedy of the season.

WHEN LADIES MEET. Royale Theater. A very popular sermon by Rachel Crothers.

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Architecture

News from the Field

WISCONSIN. The Wisconsin River meanders through the State, bordered in this part by lazy hills. Highway 11, from Madison (all concrete now), turns sharply to the right and crosses the broad river on its way to Spring Green; but our own route continues ahead. A hill rises in front of us, peculiar in that its brow seems, on the first swift impression, to present a buff-colored ledge unusually geometric. Taliesin—that is what it is, the famous "house on the brow of the hill." It is listed as a sight in the Chicago *Tribune* tourist guidebooks now. Yet the scene of activity today is farther down the road. Remodeling and construction. This is the Hillside School, transforming itself into a school of architecture, with the future architects themselves—practicing ones, already—helping it along. Some are feeding the power saw, others painting the future theater, others are in the studio up at Taliesin learning to draw the needed "details."

Almost literally the school is growing up out of the ground. The quarries are on a neighboring farm; the logs that are reduced to boards and nailed in place right under your eyes are from the woodlot on the place. The lime is burned at the quarry. Materials, however they may finally be transformed, are something of which these students will know the nature and origin, as long as they live, by memories in their knuckles and their backs.

Yet the idea is not really "back to nature," "back to the Middle Ages," "back to handicraft," nor back at all. It is full steam ahead. The school will welcome, for example, every new resource in the way of power tools just as fast as industrialists have the insight to provide it. But students trained as these are will still have their feet on the solid ground. The complexity of the tool will be no object in itself.

Other modern architectural schools have been located in cities; but this one is in the country, and by no accident. Not only is the student surrounded always by organic growth, but the leader is convinced that the sunless concentration of the big city is already doomed—by modern transportation. So the great planning project is one that will draw the city out, along every Route 11, until it finds itself once more a part of the countryside, and every charming house is surrounded by a still more charming garden. Though there are formidable difficulties ahead, chiefly financial, these thirty boys and girls are to be envied. The leader is a great artist, Frank Lloyd Wright.

CHICAGO. No red could have expressed more skepticism about our present business structure than is implied in resolutions recently adopted by the board of directors of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. What their conclusions amount to is that the poor must put up with the slums. In their minds apparently all the devices that have yet been evolved for the purpose of better housing are in vain. Not even "limited-dividend, tax-exempt, State-supervised, multi-family housing corporations" constitute a "sound solution to the problem of slum clearance and housing development." To reach the poorer classes, the projected housing would have to be "practically a total gift from the federal government [in the form of credit]." To cap it off, the mere attempt to create such facilities, with federal credit, "would seriously affect the owners of property, not only by increasing general tax burdens, but by causing vacancies . . ." The only sound form of relief is therefore "private or local-government philanthropy." So R. F. C. housing loans are positively discouraged.

Let us get the background straight. Those too "poor" to be supplied with decent housing by private business during the last boom period comprised roughly two-thirds of the city population. And those too utterly poor, in the sense of the resolutions, to be thought of even under the most favorable terms to be imagined, comprise perhaps a half of these, or a third of the total. Now besides being poor most of these people are idle and have no hope of improving their income. And *should* some of them be set to work by slum clearance, so the argument goes, this would still further hurt "business" by depressing property values. If business can operate only as the real-estate men's resolutions picture it, then we must stand in fear of a violent revolution.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

MAN! A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Its Movement. FREE Subscription on Request. Appears in January. Edited by Marcus Graham, 1000 Jefferson St., Oakland, Cal.

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